

you never said what I was saying by acidjaguar

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

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Summary:

In June 1984, 7 months after Will's disappearance and Barbara's death, Steve and Nancy have been broken up for four months. Jonathan appears outside her window to say what's been on his mind since then.

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It's two am, and Jonathan Byers has no idea what the hell he's doing.

He's staring up into Nancy Wheeler's window, technically, but the weight of this action didn't really hit him until now. Which was unfortunate, because he had seemingly forgotten in his adrenaline fused race over to her house that Steve liked to take a similar route.

But he was Jonathan Byers, and he was definitely no Steve.

He knows that they're over - it had been the biggest news in February. After Steve had slept with some junior, Nancy decided she had had enough and embarked on a self-proclaimed "enlightenment journey" (which, as Jonathan had thought, turned out to be just her enjoying being single). And after four months of uncertainty, Jonathan had finally had enough.

Now, he was staring up into her window blankly, still trying to figure out what the hell to do here.

What if she didn't want to see him?

Before a paranoid answer to his own question could even cross his mind, he hears the window squeak open.

"Jonathan? What the hell?"

He shuffles awkwardly, but answers her with a simple, "Hey, Nancy."

She looks down at him, her brunette hair glowing in the light behind her. He can tell she's dressed in pajamas; she's wearing the same thing she had when he slept over. But that had been one time, last November.

Now it was June, and he was in the state of heart to be honest with her.

She scratches her head. "Um... Do you want to come up? You'll have to come through the window."

He nods. "Yeah. Yeah, I do."

A struggled effort and a few skids on the roof and a tumble into her room later, Jonathan is there.

Why did his mouth have to dry up now?

She's crossing her arms, obviously expecting an explanation. He decides to just throw it all to the wind.

"I had to see you, Nancy. I miss you."

She raises an eyebrow. "Yeah? I've seen you at school every day, we hang out at lunch. How can you miss me when I'm right here?"

This is when he would laugh to himself if he wasn't so determined to get this off his chest. He owes this much to Nancy; after all, she was a help in finding Will, even if it meant the tragic loss of Barbara.

"You can miss someone even when they're in the same room."

He still doesn't know why he's being vague, he blames it on the nerves, but it's obvious she's confused at this point, and he is, to a degree.

"What are you saying, Jonathan?" Her facial expression has changed to one where her eyes are widened in nervousness and a little bit of hope and fear. He hasn't seen this Nancy in months, and it drives him.

He paces around the room once, twice, three times before he sits on her bed and claps his hands awkwardly to his knees. He sighs, and eventually stutters out a, "I love you, Nancy."

"I love you so much, like how your nose crinkles when you smile, how the fire behind your eyes ignite as soon as someone close to you is threatened, how you're naturally attuned and keen to everything, how you're the most gracious person I've ever met. I know you chose Steve over me, and that's fine. I know you guys broke up, and I'm not asking you to choose me. I just wanted to let you know in person. Thank you."

He starts to walk away, too shy and avoidant of the fact that she has tears on her cheeks. "Jonathan, wait-"

She reaches out and grabs his arm before he can finish leaving and brings him back in. They're so close that they share a single breath, and Jonathan swears he's never felt more alive than this. Her arm snakes up the back of his neck and entangles in his hair.

"I love you, too," she breathes, and he bridges the half inch gap.

Their kiss is electric and erratic and neither of them can stop shaking. Jonathan's hands tremble as one of them moves to caress her face, and the other reaches the small of her back, rubbing in light circles. She lets out a soft moan of approval, and a smile curves his lips as he pushes her back onto the bed.

He's more precise now, at this angle, but he's still trembling. And so is Nancy - her abdomen is taking in heavy breaths and starts to shake while he pulls up her shirt and kisses a trail up to her breasts.

She's glad she decided to not wear a bra.

Jonathan takes her right breast in his large, calloused hand; stroking and pushing gently, with just a bit of aggression. Her head rolls back and she sighs. Steve was never this attentive to her features, nor this gentle, and she molds like putty right between Jonathan's hands. It feels more right than anything she has ever before.

She moans softly when his hand traces down her stomach, reveling in how fucking soft her skin is, and lightly teases the edge of her pants. He wants to be closer, so much closer, and as he peppers kisses lightly down her ethereal body - no, it's real for sure, it's the moment that feels surreal - he waits to hear any sign of protest. When he doesn't, he smirks and pushes his hand outside her pants, rubbing her panties, feeling and reveling even more in just how soft she really is.

"You're so beautiful," he groans against her neck, biting and sucking, which elicits a louder moan from her. His deft fingers find his way inside her, slipping in casually, and he's astounded by how hot wet she is.

At this time, she's running her hands down his back, clawing and

scratching as she reaches down for his ass and gives a tight squeeze. Steve has, for sure, never made her feel like this, and she's not sure if it's because she's harbored a crush on Jonathan for over half a year now or if he's just that fucking good, or if it's a mixture of both.

And now, since they were both eighteen, there was nothing stopping them. They were like the moth and the flame, positive and negative electricity that oh so contrasted and attracted.

She reaches down, carefully, as if she might break him, and grasps his hardened length for the first time. A gasp is released from both of them, and Jonathan sticks his hand deeper inside her before removing her pants completely, moving to step in between her thighs.

The kisses he leaves there are utterly breathtaking. It's a bit striking, how he's paying so much attention to detail, because Nancy is certain that he's never been with anyone before her, and now that they're together he's totally in his element.

He hovers slightly above her labia, leaving hot breaths to tease her as he watches her facial expressions, and once he decides she's had enough, he tentatively licks her and, God, she tastes so fucking sweet.

He continues this four more times before he really dives in. It's hard for him to keep himself off of her, so as he keeps his mouth clamped around her (which makes her wiggle and moan like he's never seen her before), he reaches around and grabs her hips to pull her closer. This is too surreal, too wonderful to really be happening.

But it is, he reminds himself. He is eating out Nancy Wheeler, and just as he thought, he could go on doing this for days.

When she comes, it's hard and slow - he takes his time to drink her up and pushes, but she pulls his head away. Her eyes are hooded with lust, and in a husky voice, asks him if he has a condom. He nods and quickly pulls one out of the box in his pocket, and kisses her again while he slips it on. He doesn't want to lose this.

He levels himself over her, and with a bit of help, eventually slips in, and she lets out a soft groan when he starts to move. His movements,

again, are precise. He ends up finding her G spot, and while she lets out neverending moans, he's groaning her name at the same time and feels himself come, kissing her while he groans out his release.

She moves then, to lie next to him, and before he turns away, she wraps an arm around his waist and keeps her eyes locked on him. They aren't sure what this means for the future, but all they know now is that Nancy and Jonathan are a force to be reckoned with.

"I love you, too," she says quietly, and the grin that beams his face might just kill her.

Maybe this could be a good thing.

Author's Note:

thank u guys for reading!!! :) I'll update ingenue later this week, but I wanted to do a little something besides that. this might continue, it might not. who knows